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ANIMAL comics





WEB COMIC
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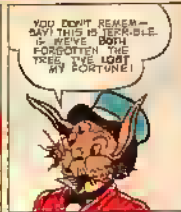
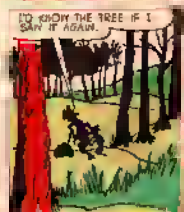
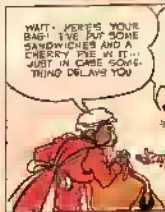
MIXED FAMILIES

It was raining very hard, so the woods seemed dark and dreary. None of the animals were scampering about, for on such a gloomy day they stayed in their homes. Bunny, a tiny baby rabbit, lay huddled at the bottom of his nest, wondering what in the world it could possibly be all about, because, you see, he had never been in a rain storm before. Ever-so-often, the wind

would blow a little swish of rain into his nest, making Bunny quite damp and unhappy. "Goodness," he thought, "This is very uncomfortable!"

Well, it rained harder and harder, and the wind blew stronger and stronger. Bunny's little fur coat was wet right through to his skin. He commenced to shiver and shake, which didn't help matters any, for the rain

(Continued on last page)



UNCLE WIGGILY! IT'S
STARTING TO RAIN!



DEAR ME SUE DUD! IT'S
GETTING DARK, TOO
WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A
PLACE TO SLEEP
TODAY NIGHT.



NOW MANY MORE
DO YOU NEED,
UNCLE
WIGGILY?

YOU BRING
SOME LEAVES
FOR THE POOT
BUGGIES LEAVE
THE STICKS
FOR ME



UH-OH!



BEAR TRACKS, UNCLE
WIGGILY! ALL
AROUND US.

THAT'S
BAD!



FORTUNATELY I ALWAYS
CARRY A SPECIAL TREATMENT
FOR BAD BEARS.



A THOUSAND SILENT SENTRY'S
TO KEEP GUARD WHILE WE SLEEP!



AND READY FOR ACTION AT THE DROP
OF A FOOT.



IF I WAS A BEAR, I'D
KNOW BETTER THAN
TO STEP ON A TACK
BEARFOOTED.

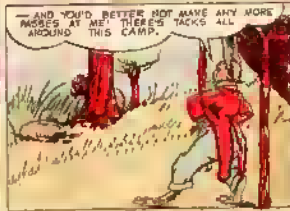


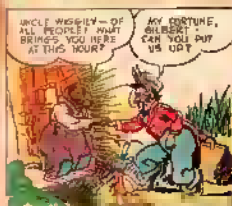
THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE MOON
COMES UP OVER THE HILL...

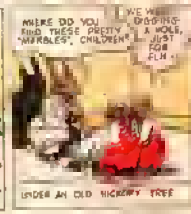
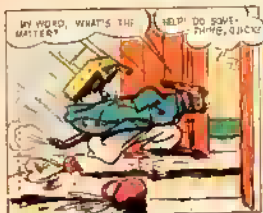


WAAAAH! I SMELL RABBIT!

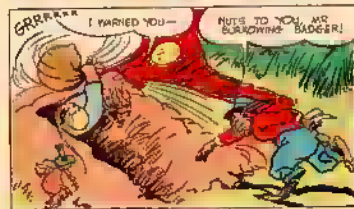
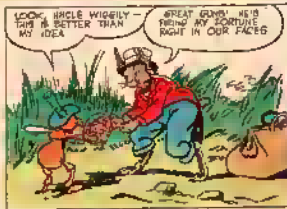
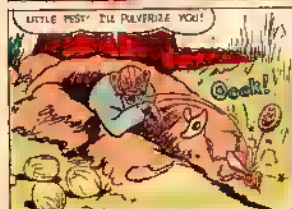
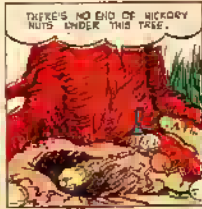
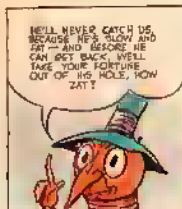














ALBERT and Pogo



WHO WAS DAT WHUT
ZOOMED AT US,
POGO?



A PUFFICK
STRANGER
TO ME,
ALBERT.

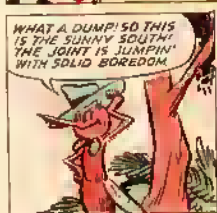
HE MIGHT BE A
STRANDER, BUT
HE AINT SO PUFFICK!



WHY HE A
BIG OL'
INSECK!

MMMMMM
MMMMMM

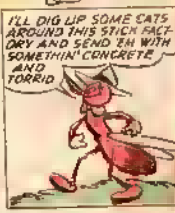
WHAT A DUMP! SO THIS
IS THE SUNNY SOUTH!
THE JOINT IS JUMPIN'
WITH SOLID BOREDOM.



OH, WELL! C'EST LA
GUERRE, AS THEY SAY
IN PATERSON A JERSEY
MOSQUITO HAS A LOT
OF BOUNCE.



I'LL DIG UP SOME CATS
AROUND THIS STICK
FORY AND SEND 'EM WITH
SOMETHIN' CONCRETE
AND
TORRID

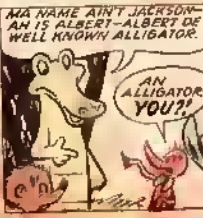


JUS' A MINUTE DERE, BUG!
WHERE AT YO' FINK
YO' GOIN'?

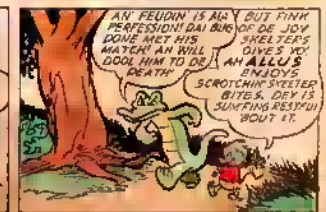
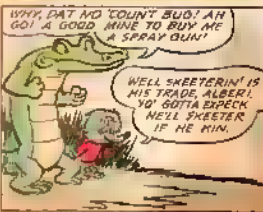
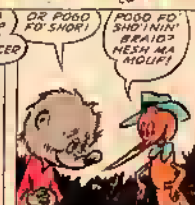


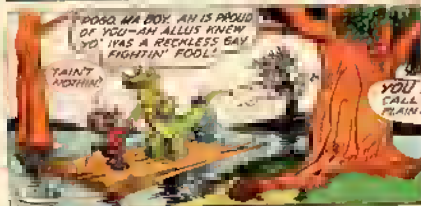
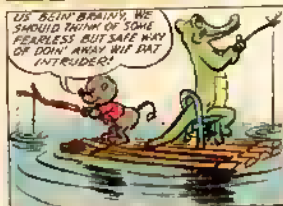
OH, BROTHA!
GET THAT
SUCCOTASH
ACCENT!
WHUFFO
YO' WANNA
KNOW,
JACKSON?

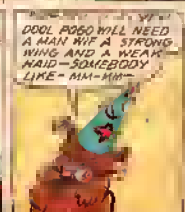
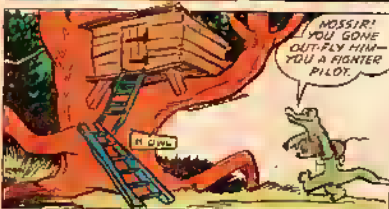
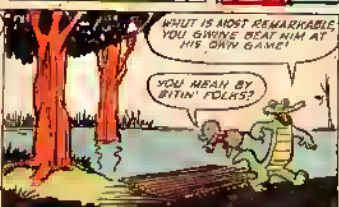
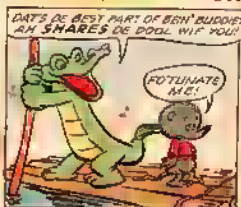
MA NAME AINT JACKSON-
AH IS ALBERT-ALBERT DE
WELL KNOWN ALLIGATOR.

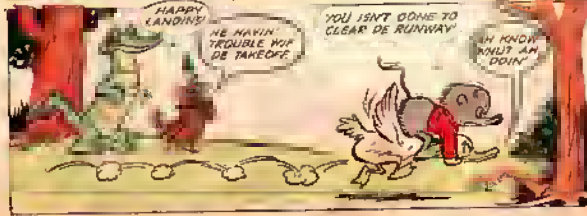


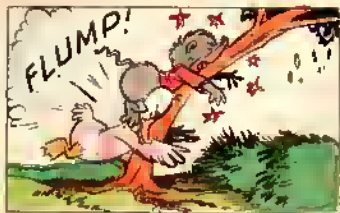
AN
ALLIGATOR?
YOU?!











SHIR YOU DONE
DEE-SERT YOUR
PILOT!

AH GIT'S
AIRSICK

YO' AINT
HAD NO NAVY
TRAININ'

POGO FLYIN' PERTY
GOOD—BUT HE'LL
NEVER MAKE A
GOOD BUTTERFLY.

GIMME
A HAND,
DWL.

DERE! DAT'S A
ANNIE-AIR-
CRAFT GUNFO
TO PROTECT
POGO.

SHO' OL
POGO SO BUSY
FLYIN' HE CAINT
FIGHT OFF DE
SKEETER.

WHEN DE SKEETER
SHOW UP, AH
CUTS DE
ROPE

DEN UP FLIES DE MUD
BALL AND BOPS DE
SKEETER—BUT FUST
AH BETTER FIGGER
DE RANGE OUT.

YOU BETTER START
FIGGERIN' HOWLAND,
'CAUSE DERE COMES
CITRONELLA JONES

AH HATE TO SAY IT
BUT AH FINK AH
IS UP YERE
ALL ALONE!

AH ISN'T SO MUCH
ALONE AS AH IS
WIFOUT SUPPORT.

WELL, RUFFLE MY
HAIR AND CALL ME
BOYISH! YOU'RE
FLYIN'!

OF COURSE! AH IS
A FLYIN' POSSUM
NAME OF POGO.

DO ALL YOU
CHARACTERS
FLY?

NORE, JES' ME...
AH IS TALENTED

YOU'RE PRETTY COCKY
FOR A SQUARE

STOP SHOWIN' OFF!



LOOKY DERE! OL' POGO DONE
TRAP DE SKEETER INTO DE TREE



US FIBBER
DE RANGE FO'
DE GUN,
ALBERT

NOW US HIN FIRE DE
GUN-DE RANGE IS
FOURTEEN HECTAGONALS
PLUS A MESS OF
OPTIONAL
FRACTIONS.



SO NATURAL CAT
MAKES IT SIX DAYS
TO DE MINUTE PLUS
FRIDAY SO DEN WE
SUBDIVIDES
DE PROPERTY
AN-



WE CUTS
DE ROPE!



AH SHOT MA
BUDDY!



WUMP!

POGO WON DE PURPLE
HAID! HE SO BRUISED
HE LOOK LIKE A PLUM



I'M GOIN' BACK
TO PATERSON
THE SWAMP IS
TOO TOUGH!



MAN! US WILL HAF TA
SCOTCH MA SKEETER
BITE IN RELAYS.

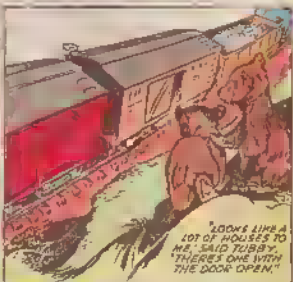
HE DIN'T LIKE YO
FLAVOR, ALBERT!

CUBBY and TUBBY

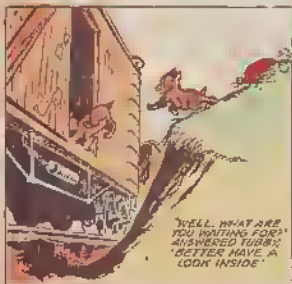
FOR MORE THAN A DAY NOW
MOMMY HADN'T ANSWERED THE
URGENT PLEADINGS OF CUBBY
AND TUBBY FOR FOOD.
WHIMPERING, THE HUNGRY
CUBS SET OUT TO FORAGE
FOR THEMSELVES.



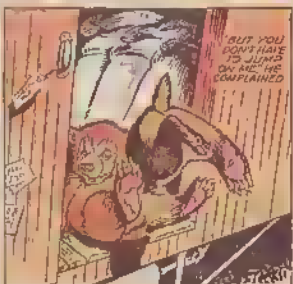
WHAT WAS THIS DOWN THE GORGE?



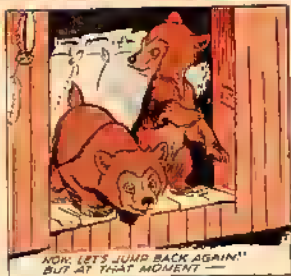
"LOOKS LIKE A
LOT OF HOUSES TO
ME," SAID TUBBY.
"THERE'S ONE WITH
THE DOOR OPEN."



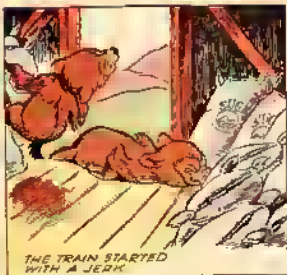
"WELL, WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING FOR?
ANSWERED TUBBY.
'BETTER HAVE A
LOOK INSIDE'



"BUT YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO JUMP
ON ME," HE
COMPLAINED



"NOW, LET'S JUMP BACK AGAIN!"
BUT AT THAT MOMENT —



THE TRAIN STARTED
WITH A JERK



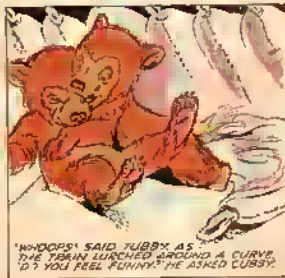
"HMM—SAY DOES THIS SMELL
GOOD?" EXCLAIMED CUBBY



"WHY IT'S SNOW!" THEY CRIED, "DIPPING INTO
THE SACKS, 'BUT IT ISN'T COLD."



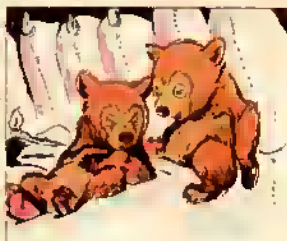
"AND BOY, DOES IT TASTE GOOD! I'M FULL!"



"WHOOOPS!" SAID TUBBY, AS
THE TRAIN LURCHED AROUND A CURVE.
"DO YOU FEEL FUNNY?" HE ASKED CUBBY.



"I DO, AND LOOK! EVERYTHING'S ACTING FUNNY- IT'S MOVING!"



"WOW! WE MUST BE SICK!"



AT THAT MOMENT WHO SHOULD WAIT BY BUT A TRAVELING RAT, DISTURBED BY THEIR CARRYING ON



"HEY THERE MR RAT-WAIT" THE CUBS CRIED, RUNNING AFTER HIM



BUT MR RAT HAD DARTED IN BEHIND A SACK AND CUBBY WENT SLIDING - RIGHT-OUT -



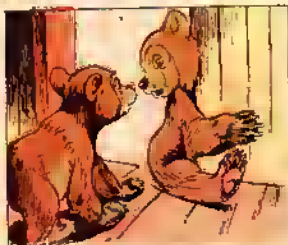
-THE DOOR-



WH-AP! WENT A PASSING TREE BRANCH
AGAINST TUBBY'S TAIL.



"THIS IS NO PLACE TO BE,
EVERYTHING MOVING AROUND
LIKE IT IS," GRUNTED CUBBY.



"WELL, WHERE'D YOU GO TO?" ASKED TUBBY.
"I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT SURE WAS
WINDY," ANSWERED CUBBY.



WELL, THEY WERE PRETTY TIRED
THEN, SO THEY CRAWLED UNDER A
SACK AND DOZED OFF.



AFTER A WHILE THE TRAIN, AS
ALL TRAINS DO, STOPPED FOR
MORE WATER.



AND UP ALONG THE TRAIN WAITED
THE BRAKEMAN, CHECKING EACH CAR,
AND NOTING THE OPEN DOOR, HE
SAW THE TWO CUBS, ASLEEP.



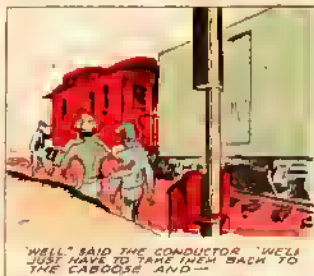
"WELL, I'LL BE—! HEY, JOE!" HE CALLED, "SUGAR THIEVES DOWN HERE AGAIN!"



"COME HERE YOU RASCALS!" AND HE GRABBED THE SQUIRMING PAIR



"HERE THEY ARE, JOE," HE SAID WHEN THE CONDUCTOR WALKED UP. "HERE'S A PAIR OF THIEVES IF I EVER SAW ANY." AND HE LAUGHED



"WELL," SAID THE CONDUCTOR, "WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CABOOSE AND—"



"—FEED THEM!" AND THEY PUSHED THE CUBS' NOSES INTO A SAUCER OF MILK



"SAY THIS ISN'T BAD AT ALL," CUBBY TOLD TUBBY, BUT TUBBY COULDN'T HEAR HIM. HE WAS GULPING IT DOWN SO NOISILY



WHEN THE MILK WAS FINISHED THEY DID JUST WHAT THEY ALWAYS DID- THEY STARTED TO EXPLORE, UP INTO THE TOP OF THE CARRIAGE



"WELL, BOYS," SAID THE CONDUCTOR, "WANT TO HAVE A LOOK, DO YOU?"



BUT THE CUBS WEREN'T SATISFIED JUST LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW- THEY WALKED RIGHT OUT "HEY, COME HERE, YOU YOUNG ROGUES!" CRIED THE CONDUCTOR



"OH OH THERE'S THAT WIND AGAIN!" SAID CUBBY, AND HE CROUCHED DOWN BEHIND THE CUPOLA



"WHERE DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING?" ASKED THE CONDUCTOR. AS CUBBY STARTED DOWN



BUT AS FOR TUFFY WELL, HE DECIDED TO MOVE ON A LITTLE, SO HE SCAMPERED UP AND JUMPED TO THE NEXT CAR



"NOW WHERE'S THE OTHER BOY?" WONDERED THE CONDUCTOR. "I CAN'T SEE HIM, HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF."



"I'M SORRY, BUB, BUT I THINK WE'VE LOST YOUR BROTHER," THE CONDUCTOR TOLD CUBBY.



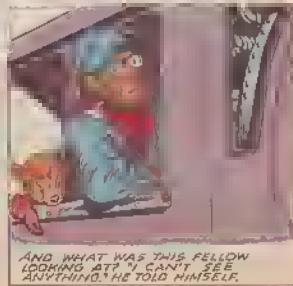
"BUT DON'T FEEL BAD" HE HASTENED TO ADD, FOR POOR CUBBY HAD STARTED TO CRY.



AS FOR TUBBY, HE WAS SEEING THE WORLD—AND HOW FAST IT WENT BY HIM!



NOW, WHAT WAS THIS STRANGE BUSINESS UP HERE? AND WHAT A RACKET IT MADE!



AND WHAT WAS THIS FELLOW LOOKING AT? "I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING," HE TOLD HIMSELF.



"HEY CHARLEY YOU GOT A FRIEND?"
CALLED THE FIREMAN
TO THE ENGINEER



"HAH—WHAT'S THIS?"
EXCLAIMED THE ENGINEER,
TURNING FOR A SECOND



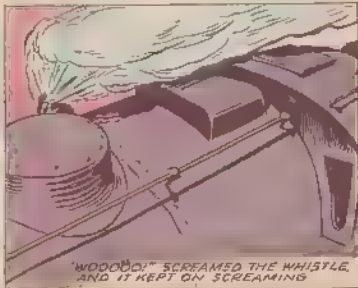
"WELL YOU BETTER GET THAT
VISITOR BEFORE HE FALLS!"
CALLED THE ENGINEER.



BUT TUBBY HAD ALREADY
STARTED AWAY—UP TO THE
WHISTLE CORD.



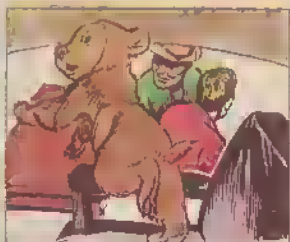
AND HE HUNG THERE...



"WOOOOO!" SCREAMED THE WHISTLE,
AND IT KEPT ON SCREAMING



"COME HERE, YOU LITTLE DICKENS!"
CRIED THE FIREMAN, GRABBING
AT TUBBY.



AND BACK IN THE CARDOSE, WHEN CUBBY
HEARD THE WHISTLE, "WHAT'S THAT?" HE THOUGHT
AND JUST TO BE SAFE HE JUMPED AND DRABBED.



—THE EMERGENCY CORD, AND THE TRAIN—



—STOPPED!



BANGO, WENT THE FIREMAN AND
TUBBY, AND THEY FELL DOWN WITH
"URCH."



THE TRAIN STOOD STILL FOR JUST
A MINUTE.



IN WINTER WHEN THE BIRDS FLY SOUTH
THE RIVER'S FROZEN TO ITS MOUTH.




THE BEARS, WHO ALL THE SUMMER ATE,
CRAWL INTO CAVES AND HIBERNATE,



AND MR RABBIT'S COAT OF BROWN
IS CHANGED INTO A SNOWY DOWN.



TIME

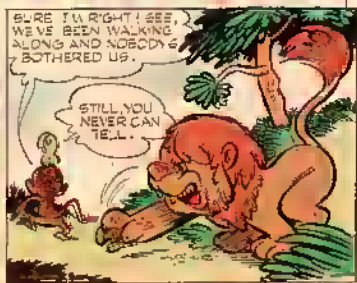


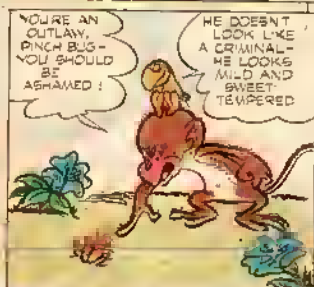
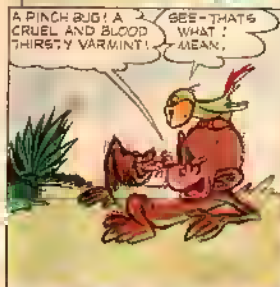
THE FIELD MOUSE RARELY
LEAVES HIS NEST.
HE THINKS ITS WARMTH IS
MUCH THE BEST

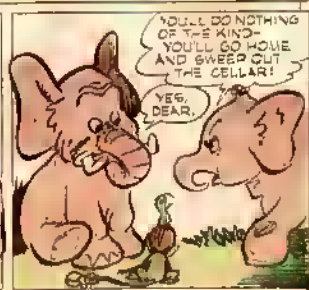
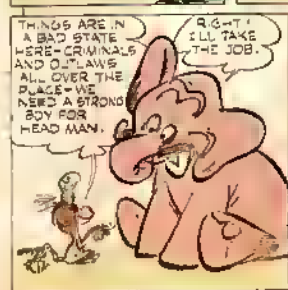
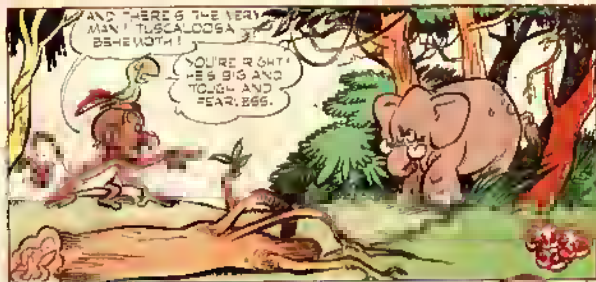
UP IN HIS TREE THE FAT RACCOON
STIRS SLEEPILY AND THINKS OF JUNE

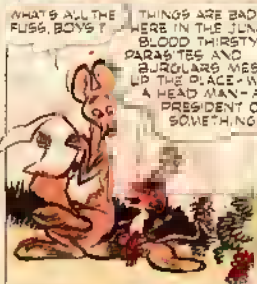
YOU KNOW I GUESS THE ONLY ONE
THAT THINKS THE WINTER TIME IS FUN--

IS ME!

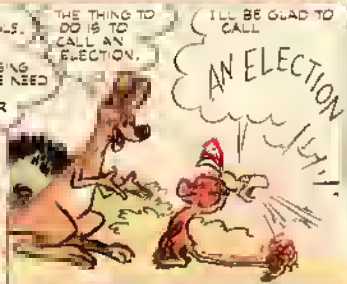








THINGS ARE BAD
HERE IN THE JUNGLE.
BLOOD THIRSTY
PARASITES AND
BURGLARS MESSING
UP THE PLACE - WE NEED
A HEAD MAN - A
PRESIDENT OR
SOMETHING.



I'LL BE GLAD TO
CALL

AN ELECTION



NOW, THE WAY WE'LL
DO IT IS LIKE THIS-
EVERYBODY RUNS OUT
AND GATHERS COCONUTS,
AND THE ONE W-C
BRINGS BACK THE MOST
- HE'LL BE STRONGEST
- SO HE WINS!



THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!
NOBODY HAD BETTER BRING
BACK MORE COCONUTS
THAN ME!

WHO SAID YOU
COULD LISTEN?

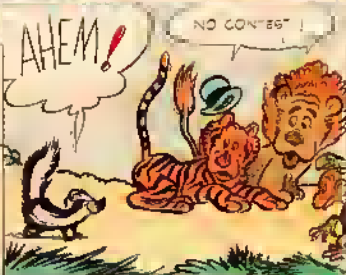


AND NOBODY HAD
BETTER BRING BACK
MORE COCONUTS
THAN ME!



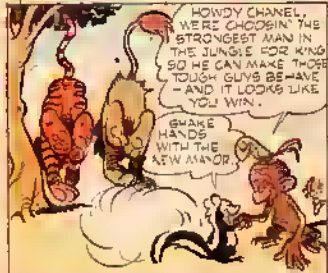
AHEM!

NO CONTEST!



HOWDY CHANEL,
WE'RE CHOOSIN' THE
STRONGEST MAN IN
THE JUNGLE FOR KING
SO HE CAN MAKE THOSE
TOUGH GUYS BEHAVE
- AND IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU WIN.

SHAKE
HANDS
WITH THE
NEW MAJOR.

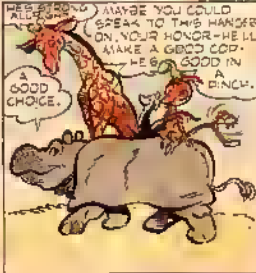


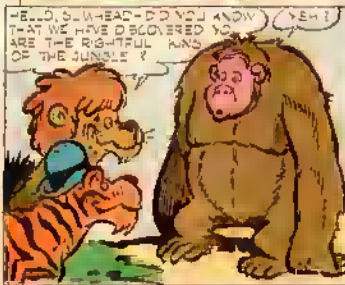
HE'S STRONG
ALL RIGHT.

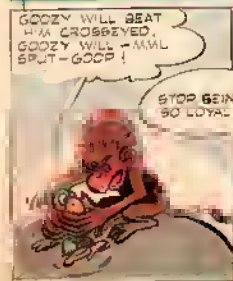
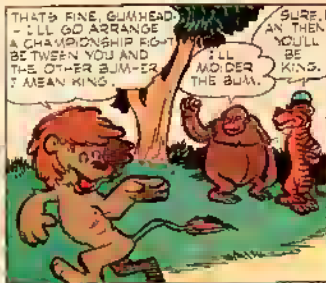
A GOOD
CHOICE.

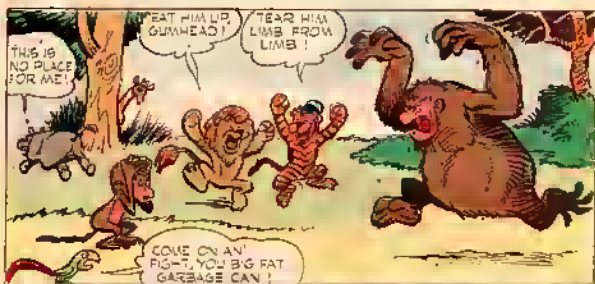
MAYBE YOU COULD
BREAK TO THIS HONOR-HE'LL
MAKE A GOOD COP-
HE'S GOOD IN
A PINCH.

A GOOD
CHOICE.









WHY, YOU'RE
UNCLE GUMHEAD!

COOZY! I'M MY OWN
NEPHEW-WHODYA
KNOW!



THOSE TWO OVER THERE TRIED TO
START TROUBLE-WANTIN' US TO FIGHT!



NAH-I DON'T CARE WHO'S
KING SO LONG AS IT'S ALL
IN THE FAMILY-BUT THAT
DON'T LET YOU TWO OFF-



SILVERSHOES

WHEN THE CROWD
GATHERS EVERY FALL
AT SWILE PARK
TO WITNESS FOR THE
BIG ANNUAL DAY OF
ROTTING RACES,
THERE IS A ONE-HORSE
EVENT THAT DRAMS
MORE ADDLES THAN
THE CHAMPION.



IT'S THE APPEARANCE
OF THE SCRAPPER
CART THAT SNOUTS
DOWN THE TRACK
BEFORE EACH RACE.



THE HORSES ARE
WHO DRAMS
THE MOST ADDLES
IN THE RACE.



THEY SAY THE
HORSE IS THE
BEST OF THE
LOT. BUT THE
MAN WHO
DRAMS THE
HORSE IS THE
BEST OF THE
LOT.

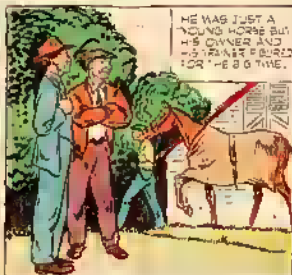


"CASE 'LA' HORSE"
ANSWERED HIS FATHER
"THAT HORSE IS THE
LADDER OF THE
ALL THAT'S SAY
TANER IN THE
TO THE STORY."

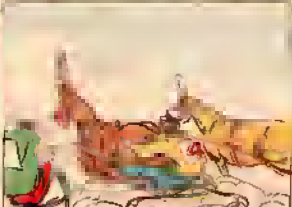
WAY BACK BEFORE
YOUR TIME- MUST
HAVE BEEN FIFTEEN
YEARS AGO-
SILVERSHOES WAS
ABOUT TO START
RACING.



HE WAS JUST A
YOUNG HORSE BUT
HIS OWNER AND
HIS TRAINER BORED
FOR THE BIG TIME.



AND HE WAS, FOR HE DID
WINNING OUT ABT-



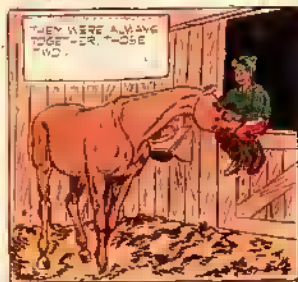
AND SHOWING HE WAS A
GAME HORSE EVEN WHEN
HE LOST.

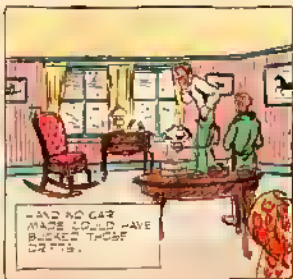
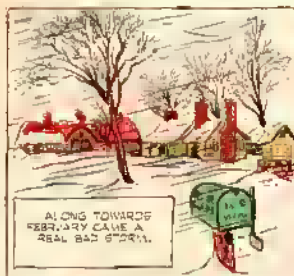
SO WHEN THE RACING
SEASON WAS OVER
AND THEN SHIPPED
SILVERSHOES - ONE -



EVERYBODY AROUND
THE HOME STABLE
LOOKED FOR THE
SILVERSHOES
THE NEXT YEAR.





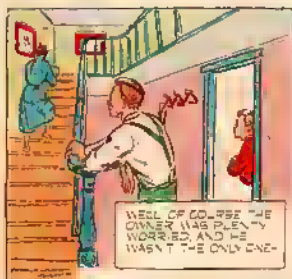




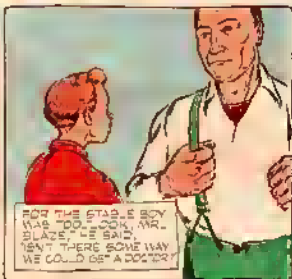
THE G.R. WAS
PRETTY SICK -



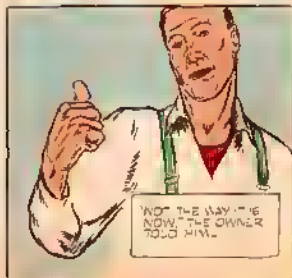
AND THE STORM JUST
GREW WORSE INSTEAD
OF BETTER - SO THAT BY
NIGHT-FALL IT WAS VERY
BAD.



WELL OF COURSE THE
OWNER WAS PLAY'Y
WORRIED, AND HE
WASN'T THE ONLY ONE.



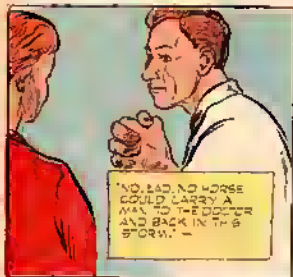
FOR THE STABLE BOY
WAS TOO. "LOOK, MR.
BLAZE," HE SAID,
"ISN'T THERE SOME WAY
WE COULD GET A DOCTOR?



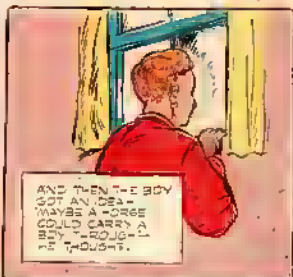
"NOT THE WAY IT IS
NOW," THE OWNER
TOLD HIM.



"I KNOW A CAR CAN'T
MAKE IT, MR. BLAZE,
BUT A HORSE MIGHT,"
THE BOY SAID.



"NO, LAD, NO HORSE
COULD CARRY A
MAN TO THE DOCTOR
AND BACK IN THE
STORM."



AND THEN THE BOY
GOT AN IDEA—
MAYBE A HORSE
COULD CARRY A
BOY THROUGH—
HE THOUGHT.



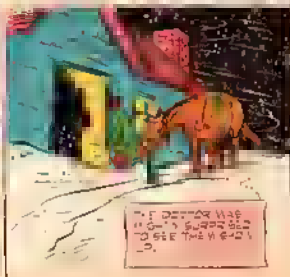
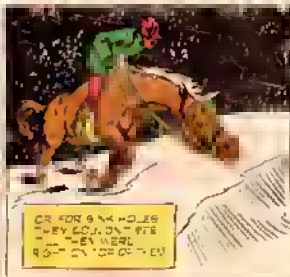
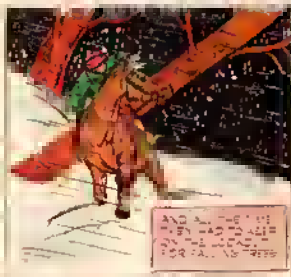
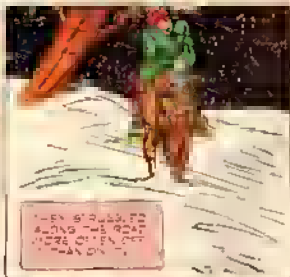
SO HE TOOK A CHANCE
HE WENT OUT IN THE
STABLE AND SADDLED
UP "SILVERSHOES."



AND LED HIM OUT
INTO THE STORM
—AND STARTED
OFF.

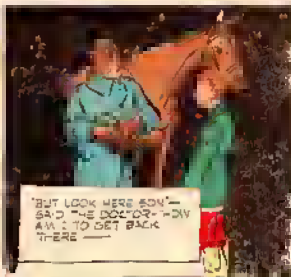


WELL, IT WAS TOO BAD. THEY
BECAME LOST IN THE
STORM AND THE HAD —

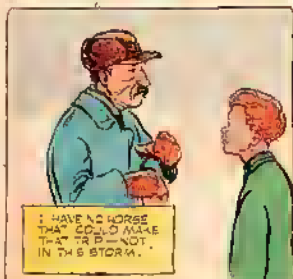




BUT HE GOT DRESSED
WHEN HE HEARD WHAT
THEY'D COME FOR WHILE
THE BOY WAITED AND
FED THE HORSE.



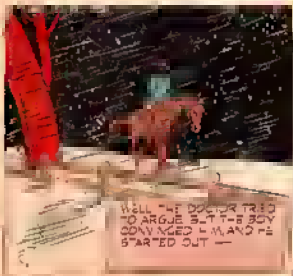
"BUT LOOK HERE SON—
SAID THE DOCTOR—"DID
AM I TO GET BACK
THERE —"



I HAVE NO HORSE
THAT COULD MAKE
THAT TRIP—NOT
IN THE STORM.



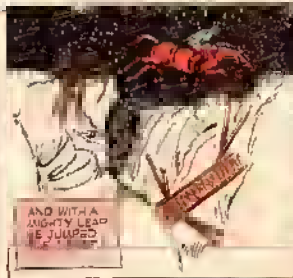
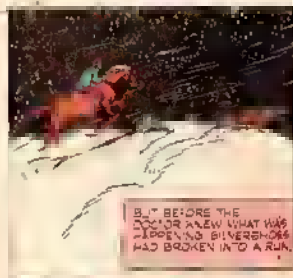
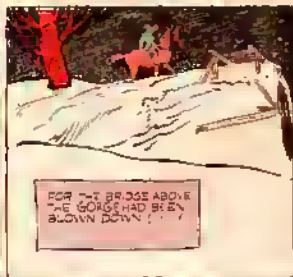
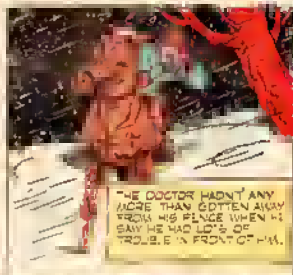
"SILVERSMITH WILL
TAKE YOU DOCTOR—
THE BOY ANSWERED—
"HE'S A CHAMPION,
THAT HORSE."

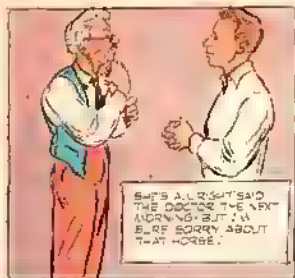


WELL THE DOCTOR TRIED
TO ARGUE BUT THE BOY
CONVINCED HIM AND HE
STARTED OUT —



NOW THAT TRIP TO THE
DOCTOR'S WAS HARD
ENOUGH BUT NOW THAT
THE HORSE HAD TO MAKE
THE SAME TRIP BACK
WITH THE ADDED WEIGHT.





SHE'S A RIGHT SAID
THE DOCTOR THE NEXT
MORNING. BUT I'M
SURE SORRY ABOUT
THAT HORSE.



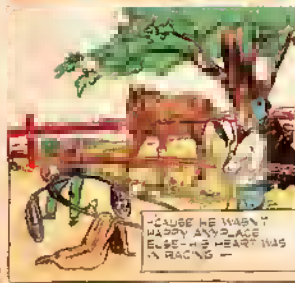
"WHY?" ASKED THE
OWNER - BECAUSE HE
LEFT LEG IS RUINED
FROM THAT JUMP HE
MADE TO GET ME HERE,"
EXPLAINED THE DOCTOR.



THEY TRIED
EVERYTHING. GAVE
HIM THE BEST OF CARE
BUT IT WAS NO USE.
THEY HAD TO SELL
SILVER SADDLES.



"WHY NOT COME BY
LATER? I'LL SHOW YOU
THE BOY," REQUESTED.



BECAUSE HE WASN'T
HAPPY ANYPLACE
ELSE - HIS HEART WAS
A RACING.



SILVER SADDLES GOES TO
THE TRACK AND
TAKES THE STABLE.
BOY NOW DRIVES HIM.

MIXED FAMILIES

(Continued from page 10)

continued to pour down. Soon, Bunny's nest was lull al water and he had been washed right out. Over and over he rolled along the muddy ground, becoming more miserable by the second, until when at last he stopped tumbling, there was no calder, muddier, wetter, or more unhappy rabbit in the whole wide world than Bunny.

Just when he had about given up hope al anything nice ever happening to him again, he was picked up and carried off. Presently, he laund himself inside a warm house. He looked up into the face al a big collie dog. At first he was frightened by the larger animal, but the big dog soon made it plain that he felt terribly sorry that a poor little rabbit had had such a bad time. It ended with little Bunny snuggled up next to the collie, whose name was Butch, and both al them sound asleep.

That sounds like a make-believe story, doesn't it? Because anyone can tell you that rabbits and dogs never mix and that if a dog sees a rabbit he chases it with all his might. But it so happens that Butch and Bunny are different as you can see by their picture. They met just as the story said, and Butch has appointed himself Bunny's full time guardian. They sleep together and play together, with Butch watching to see that no harm comes to Bunny. Of course, Butch's folks have to help feed Bunny because he is still too little to know how to eat by himself, and must be fed from an eyedropper, but Butch stands by to see that every thing is done right, and that Bunny is getting enough to eat. He has made up his mind that Bunny isn't going to get into any more trouble like he had on that rainy day.

You could point out that there are lots al Mixed Families in the animal world so you aren't too surprised. Or that collies are especially nice dogs anyway and are inclined to protect other animals. You would be quite right about it too, for collies are unusually gentle and good, and there are some mighty strange animal families.

Very few animals, no matter how alien they might be will refuse to give help to another animal if it is lost or injured, and often from the aid, that one gives to the other, lasting friendships grow.

However, when natural enemies become pals, that is news. It is difficult to imagine just how Tiny, who is a black cat, and his pal, a blackbird named Butch, ever got together. Perhaps Butch was left behind one winter when the rest al his family flew south, and Tiny, feeling sorry for him, invited him to move in with his folks. Well, Butch did and liked it so well, he just stayed on and on until he was adopted by Tiny. Or it could be that Butch owned the family they belong to first, and that one day while he was flying about the garden looking for a choice worm or two, he bumped into Tiny, who didn't have a fish bone to his name. "Come along in and meet the folks," is probably what Butch said to Tiny if that is the way they met. Well, no matter, the important thing is that they are the best al friends today.

They have a job to do. They take care al the victory garden for their family. It works out very well, as Tiny can crawl around under the bushes, chasing off any troublesome moles or gophers that might eat up the vegetables, while Butch gets after the little bugs and worms that can ruin a garden in no time if they are not made unwelcome. They are a case al good teamwork plus mutual affection. If you look at their picture you will see that they are an extremely good-looking Mixed Family, and if you knew them personally, you could be positive that no one will ever make al f with a carrot or a radish, while Tiny and Butch are policing the Family garden.

Another interesting case al Mixing Animals concerns a little monkey named Blandie. Blandie has been adopted by the people who run the Animal Rescue League. Lots al young puppies who get lost are brought over to Blandie's to wait for their folks to come

and get them.

The little puppy she is comforting in the picture looks pretty downhearted, but Blondie will have him wagging his tail in no time. "Don't worry," she is saying, "My folks and I will take care of you until your family come. Now you just take a drink of water. You'll feel better and then you and I will have a romp!"

If you were to ask Blondie just how many animal friends she has, she wouldn't be able to count them. But there are dozens of little puppies to whom "Monkey Business" means good-hearted Blondie cheering them up when they were worried and unhappy.

So don't be astonished if your cat should bring home a mouse pal or you find a baby chicken sleeping in your puppy's basket. It has happened before, and owning a mixed Animal Family is lots of fun.



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UNCLE WIGGILY

